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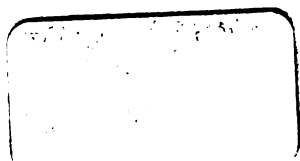


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LIT-TLE MAY.

LIT-TLE MAY stood for a long time watching her sister, un-til Alice looked up with a smile, and said, —

“What makes you look so sad, lit-tle May?”

“Oh, be-cause I want so much to be big! How did you get to be so big, Alice?”

“It is much ni-cer to be lit-tle,” said Alice, laugh-ing.

“Oh, no! it is not,” said May, shak-ing her gold-en curls. “It is dread-ful to be lit-tle; for, when you are lit-tle, you can do noth-ing. I say to pa-pa, ‘If you please, pa-pa, will you take me with you on your sail-boat to-day?’ And pa-pa says, ‘No. The wind is too

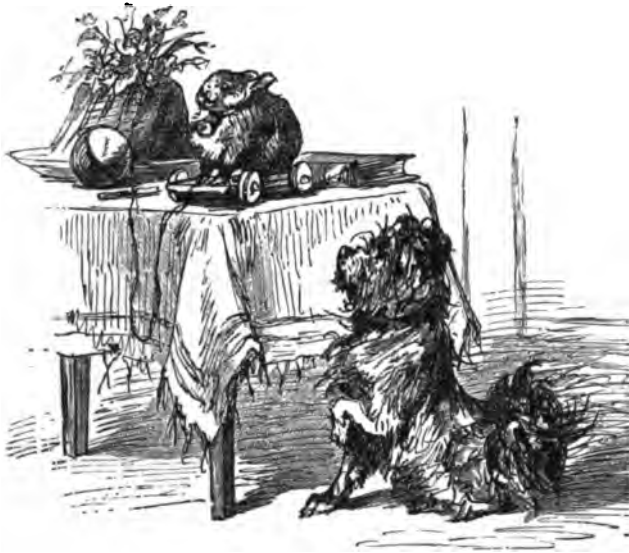
strong. You can-not go, for you are too lit-tle.' And I say to mam-ma, 'If you please, mam-ma, may I go with you to walk?' And mam-ma says, 'No. You can-not go. I am go-ing for a long walk, and it would tire you. You are too lit-tle.' And I say to grand-mam-ma, 'May I go to drive with you, if you please, grand-mam-ma?' And she says, 'I am go-ing to take a long drive. You can-not go. You are too lit-tle.' And if I should say to you, 'Alice, if you please, may I paint on your pic-ture?' you would say, 'No. You are too lit-tle.' And I do not know how to grow big, for naps are of no use."

"But I will not say, 'No,'" said her sister. "You shall come and sit on my knee, and paint the cush-ion that Pus-sy is ly-ing on in my pic-ture; and if you take your naps, and eat your por-ridge, like a good girl, you will wake up some morn-ing, and find that you are as big as I am."

This com-fort-ed lit-tle May ver-y much; and she sat on her kind sis-ter's lap, and paint-ed a love-ly blue cush-ion, and for-got all her grief at be-ing such a lit-tle girl.



WICK-ED CLU-AS.



It was a fluf-fy rab-
bit ;
It had a hor-rid
stare :
Clu-as saw it on the
ta-ble,
And said, "How
came you there?"

Young Clu-as was a pet-ted dog,
A pet-ted dog was he ;
And he said, "No love shall come be-tween
My mas-ter dear and me."

Then Clu-as pricked his
ears, and growled ;
His eyes were all
a-flame :
He spied a string, the
which he jerked,
And down the rab-
bit came.



And Clu-as howled, and growled, and barked ;
But si-lent Bun-ny sat.
Said Clu-as, " You pro-voke me more
Than ev-en Spot the cat."

" What, won't you speak ? I'll make you soon !"
He seized the piece of string,
And up and down, and round the room,
Went rough-ly scam-per-ing.



The rab-bit stood up-on his head
Or tail, — it did not mat-ter, —
The wheels went round, and cracked and creaked,
And made a dread-ful clat-ter.

The rab-bit's head was banged a-bout,
'Gainst fend-er, fire-irons, chair,
'Gainst ta-ble-legs and side-board doors ;
But what did Clu-as care ?

So, an-gry with his ri-val, he
But wishes to de-stroy him :
He does-n't know why Mas-ter Ned
Should bring him to an-noy him.

Then Clu-as, breath-less, waits a while :
The rab-bit calm-ly eyes him ;
But not a word does Bun-ny say,
Which some-what doth sur-prise him.



“ You stu-pid crea-ture ! won’t you speak,
You fluf-fy, puff-y Bun-ny ?
I’m in a rage, I’m not in play ;
Though you may think me fun-ny.”

He shook the rab-bit, tossed him up
As he had been a ball ;
And still the rab-bit bore it well,
And spoke no word at all.

Then Clu-as seized him by the neck,
And tore his skin, and bit him :
He scratched and worried him, and 'gainst
The floor he banged and hit him.

He shook him all to pieces, till
There scarce was left a hair
To tell that once up-on a time
A rab-bit had been there.



To shreds poor Bun-ny's skin he tore ;
To splint-ers, stand and wheels ;
And then young Clu-as rests a while,
And hot and thirst-ty feels.

And pant-ing Clu-as sat him down
The small re-mains to view :
Said he, " I'd do the same a-gain,
If I had it to do.

“There shall no fluf-fy rab-bit come
Be-tween me and my mas-ter;
And, if he brings an-oth-er home,
There’ll be the same dis-as-ter.”

His mas-ter came, his mas-ter saw,
And loud did cry and roar
To see his brok-en rab-bit lie
In frag-ments on the floor.



His grief was great, and, what is more,
I think it was sin-cere;
For, though it nei-ther ran nor talked,
He held that rab-bit dear.

Then Clu-as's heart was touched: he came
And licked his mas-ter's hand,
And felt no naugh-ti-er dog than he
Was liv-ing in the land.

PER-CY'S BOAT.

"OH, look, Jen-ny! That is just the kind of boat that I want."

"Where?" asked Jen-ny. "I don't see any boat."



"Why, in that old sail-or's hand. He is sit-ting on that bit of fence that runs down in-to the wa-ter. Oh, what a beau-ty she is! I won-der if he would sell it to me."

"Oh! I don't be-lieve that he would," said Jen-ny. "You had bet-ter not ask him, Per-cy."

"Pooh! There is no harm in ask-ing," cried Per-

cy. "Come on!" And off he ran o-ver the shin-
gle, fol-lowed, af-ter a mo-ment, by Jen-ny, who could nev-er
bear to let Per-cy do any thing that she did not do.

As soon as they reached the man, who was sit-ting
by the edge of the wa-ter, with a beau-ti-ful toy sail-
boat in his hand, Per-cy cried out, —

"Is that boat for sale?"

"Oh, yes! it will sail first-rate," re-plied the man, a
broad grin spread-ing it-self o-ver his face.

"Oh! but I mean, can I buy it? Is it for s-a-l-e?"

"Oh! that is what you mean, is it? — 'Is it for
s-a-l-e?' Wall, I made it for s-a-l-e."

"O good-y!" cried Per-cy, hop-ping a-bout on one
foot. "Will you sell it to me?"

"No," re-plied the man.

"Why not?" asked Per-cy, look-ing ver-y red and
an-gry.

"Be-cause, my fine lit-tle sir, it is al-rea-dy s-o-l-d to
a young sir of just a-bout your size; and I am ex-pect-
ing him ev-er-y min-ute to come to get it. *That's* why." And the man slapped Per-cy good-na-tured-ly on the
back.

"But I'll tell you what," he went on: "I can make
an-oth-er."

"Can you?" asked Per-cy. "How long would it
take?"

"Well," said the man, "it would de-pend some-what
on the weath-er, you know."

"What dif-fer-ence can the weath-er make?" asked Per-cy in great sur-prise.

"Well, you see," said the old fel-low, "I am a fish-er-man; and, if it is a fair day, I must be off to sea in my boat. But if it rains, or blows hard, then I can-not go off, and must stay at home. Such times as those I work on boats. I have the hull of one near-ly worked in-to shape now."

"Have you?" said Per-cy ea-ger-ly. "Is that bought yet by any one?"

"No," said the fish-er-man. "No one has bought it yet."

"Then I will take it," said Per-cy. "How soon do you think now you could have it done? I think it is go-ing to storm, so that you can-not go out in your boat. The sky seems threat-en-ing."

The man laughed. "I don't see any signs of bad weath-er," said he. "I think, though, I could prom-ise it in a week. But wait a bit, my young gen-tle-man. You have-n't asked my price. How do you know that you have mon-ey e-nough to pay for it?"

"Dear me!" said Per-cy. "I for-got all a-bout that. What is your price?"

"I can lend you some mon-ey, Per-cy," said Jen-ny, "if you have-n't e-nough."

"I get three dol-lars for a boat like that," said the man.

"Oh! I have more than that in my bank," said Per-cy, much re-lieved.



"I live in that house down the road," said the man, pointing to-ward one with his hand. "You can stop in when you want to see how it is coming on. Perhaps you would like to have her rigged differently from this one."

So, every morning, on their way to the beach, the children stopped at the old man's house to see how the ship came on. The sky was bright and clear each day; and they often saw the old man's grandchildren at the pier, waiting for his return from fishing: but, in spite of it all, the toy ship grew apace.

By the time it was ready to be launched, Percy and Jenny had made a great many friends. They knew the boy who owned the boat they had first seen. His name was Jack; and he and Percy became fast friends. He had a little sister too, who was just about Jenny's age. Her name was Florence. There were a good many other boys too; and one afternoon the old fisherman took them all out in his boat.

He was known to be a careful old fellow; and so the parents all said that their children might go. They had a splendid time, and were very sorry when it was time to go home.





WOOD-EN LEGS.

Two chil-dren played by the sea-side,
Where the slow tides ebb and flow :
Said one, " I'll be a sail-or lad,
With my ' Boat a-hoy ! Yo, ho !'
For sail-ors are most loved of all
In ev-e-ry hap-py home,
And tears of grief and glad-ness fall
Just as they go or come."

But the oth-er child said sad-ly,
" Ah ! do not go to sea ;
Or, in the drea-ry win-ter nights,
What will be-come of me ?
For if the wind be-gan to blow,
Or thun-der shook the sky,
Whilst you were in your boat, ' Yo, ho !'
What could I do but cry ?"

Then he said, " I'll be a sol-dier,
With a de-light-ful gun ;
And I'll come home with a wood-en leg,
As he-roes have of-ten done."
She screams at that, and prays, and begs,
While tears, half an-ger start,
" Don't talk a-bout your wood-en legs,
Un-less you'd break my heart !"



He answered her rather proudly,
“If so, what can I be, —
If I must not have a wood-en leg,
And must not go to sea?
How could the girls sleep safe at night,
Safe from the scum and dregs,
If all the boys refused to fight,
For fear of wood-en legs?”

She hung her head re-pent-ing,
And try-ing to be good;
But her lit-tle hand stroked ten-der-ly,
The leg of flesh and blood;
And with her ro-sy mouth she kissed
The knick-er-bock-ered knee,
And sighed, “Per-haps, if you in-sist,
You’d bet-ter go to sea.”

Then he flung his arms a-bout her,
And laugh-ing-ly he spoke:
“But I’ve seen man-y hon-est tars
With legs of stur-dy oak!
O dar-ling! when I am a man,
With beard of shin-ing black,
I’ll be a he-ro if I can;
And you must not hold me back.”



So the chil-dren chat-tered fond-ly
Till the set-ting of the sun ;
And she stroked his chin, and clapped her hands
That the beard had not be-gun ;
For, though she meant to be brave and good
When he played a he-ro's part,
Yet often the thought of the leg of wood
Lay hea-vy on her heart.

By the author of "Poems Written for a Child." (Adapted.)

A RAIN-Y DAY.

RAIN, rain, rain! How it did rain! The great drops ran down the glass in streams. Tom, Jack, and little Meg watched it for a long time. "O dear!" they said at last, "do you think it will never clear? We want to go out and play."



"Why do you not go up to the gar-ret, and play?" asked their mam-ma.

That struck them as a fine plan; and off they trooped, pound-ing up the bare stairs with their nois-y feet. They found three old brooms, and be-gan to play sol-dier, — Tom first, then Jack, with Meg last of all. The gar-ret was ver-y large; and their mam-ma could hear

them as they tramped a-long, and could hear Tom's com-mand to right a-bout face when they had reached the farth-er end.

By and by they tired of play-ing sol-dier; and then they pulled down some old dress-es and hats that hung on a peg, and put them on, and made be-lieve that they were grown peo-ple. Then, out of an old box, they dragged a scrap-book full of pic-tures, and sat them down to look them o-ver.



Mean-time their friend Rose had come, all wrapped up, through the rain, to make them a call. She brought a bas-ket, in which were her two kit-tens.

“The chil-dren are in the gar-ret,” said their mam-ma.

So Rose ran up to find them. She did find them; but what do you think?—they were fast a-sleep.



THE LIT-TLE SHAV-ER.

It was a lit-tle shav-er,
And a-fish-ing he would go,
With a crook-ed old pin for his hook,
And worms for bait al-so.
Quoth he, "No school for me to-day:
Let lag-gards learn to spell.
The sky's a tri-fle o-ver-cast,
The fish will bite right well."

Up-on his hook so ti-ny,
He put a wrig-gling worm:
The lit-tle fish-es rushed to eat
Soon as they saw it squirm.
Laugh-ing he quick-ly land-ed them:
"Ah, ha! a-ha!" quoth he;
"You ought to know bet-ter than bite the hook
Of a fish-er-man like me."

With his pail-ful home he start-ed :
But pride must have a fall ;
The bot-tom dropped out ere half-way there,
And he lost them one and all.
His up-per lip be-gan to quake,
A tear came in his eye ;
But when his moth-er kissed the tears,
" Who cares ? " quoth he. " Not I."



HERE we see a party of lads and lass-es who have been in the fields to gath-er flow-ers. What a good time they are hav-ing! and see what bas-kets full of flow-ers they have picked! What can they be go-ing to do with them all?

DOC-TOR WILL.

"It was a very sad ac-ci-dent," said Kate to Doc-tor Will. "My poor child was in the gar-den. Tired of play, she had sat down in the walk, and, I pre-sume, fell in-to a doze. The gar-den-er was pass-ing with a heav-i-ly load-ed wheel-bar-row, and, not look-ing where he was go-ing, ran o-ver her. Her right leg, as you see, was cut off at the knee. The poor child must have been in great pain, but she has not ut-tered a sound. I think she takes af-ter me. Nurse says I take my med-i-cines with-out mak-ing wry faces as some lit-tle girls do."

"Ah!" said Doc-tor Will, "let me feel the dear child's pulse." "So," he went on, shak-ing his head grave-ly. "She is very weak from loss of saw-dust. The wound, too, must be looked af-ter at once. I will call in my as-sist-ant;" and he left the room.

"This`is my as-sist-ant," he said, com-ing back in a mo-ment with nurse, "Doc-tor El-len."

Doc-tor El-len bowed.

"She will put on the leg as the first step," said Doc-tor Will.

So nurse took out her nee-dle, and soon the leg was on as firm-ly as the oth-er one.

"You may re-tire, Doc-tor El-len," said Doc-tor Will. So nurse went a-way.



"I will now," said Doc-tor Will, "rub the knee with this lin-i-ment. That will strength-en the parts."

So he took the cork out of a bot-tle that he had in his hand, and poured it o-ver the poor child's knee.

"Now," said he, "it will soon" —

"You hor-rid, hor-rid boy!" ex-claimed Kate. She for-got, all at once, that she was the poor child's mam-ma, and that her broth-er was the doc-tor. "You hor-rid boy! Now you have stained my dear dol-ly's legs all up with that red stuff, and it will nev-er come off. And you must have tak-en it off of mam-ma's bu-reau too; and I am sure she would not like you to touch it at all."

Will looked very crest-fall-en.

"Come, you sweet thing," said Kate, "we will go out in-to the yard, and get off the wretch-ed red stuff."

So she picked up her dol-ly, and went to the cor-ner of the house. There was a huge tub full of wa-ter, which had been caught from the eaves. She took off all her clothes, and dipped the dear child in the wa-ter. "A cold bath will brace her up af-ter her ac-ci-dent," she said. Then she took a sponge, and squeezed it o-ver her. But when she took her out at last, and dried her, she sat down on the grass, and cried; for dol-ly's good looks were all gone. Her pink cheeks were gone, and her hair all fell off. Poor Kate was very sad.







A GIN-GER-BREAD DREAM.

THERE was a lit-tle maid-en,
Her name was ti-ny Nell :
She went a-bout from street to street
With gin-ger-bread to sell.
And some were shaped like el-e-phants,
And some like queens and kings,
And some like par-rots, dogs, and cats,
And lots of fun-ny things.
One night she dreamed of gin-ger-bread,
And how much she had sold ;
Whilst round a-bout were kings and queens
With crowns of shin-ing gold.
They said, " Are we but pen-nies
And half-pen-nies ? Oh, dear !

My lit-tle maid, you sell us
Too cheap, 'tis ver-y clear."
The el-e-phant said stout-ly,
That she must be to blame,
That sell-ing him, his trunk and all,
For a pen-ny, was a shame!



At last she grew quite an-gry.
Said she, "Think of the spice
And gin-ger moth-er puts in you,
To make you taste so nice.
You are the most un-grate-ful cakes
That ev-er trod the ground.
Oh, do be still! my head quite aches
Whilst you are whirl-ing round."
"If *you* take so much trou-ble,"
The el-e-phant replied,

“We’re worth more than you ask for us :
It can-not be de-nied.
I’m worth at least a flor-in,
The queen’s worth half a crown,
And for the king a guin-ea
You ought to ask in town.”
Poor lit-tle Nell said, weep-ing,
“That tru-ly is ab-surd.”
“A shil-ling for poll-par-rot !”
Cried out that nois-y bird.
At this she took her bas-ket up,
And tossed the cakes all out.
“There, you may go and sell your-selves,
And what you’re worth find out !”
Then down sank king and el-e-phant,
And par-rot, dog, and queen ;
And Nel-ly o-pened wide her eyes,
And found it was a dream.

THIS is a pic-ture of a don-key who lived in the far East. His mas-ter sold milk, and the don-key car-ried on his back the lit-tle cans in which it was put up. Af-ter a time he learned to know each house that he must stop at, and his mas-ter taught him to pull the bell that called the serv-ant. One day his master was ill, and could not go : so he put all the cans on the don-key, and he set out a-lone. At each house he pulled the bell, the serv-ant came, and took off her can of milk, and then the beast went on to the next house.



WHAT SHALL IT BE?

KATE stood before the counter of the toy-shop; and behind it stood an old woman with a white cap tied down on her head. She was a very nice old woman, and did not seem to mind the long time that it took Kate to make up her mind.

"You see," said Kate to her, "that I must not lay out so much money foolishly. I have a whole dollar, and Jack has but one birthday a year: so I must be sure and get something that he will like."

"How do you think this toy-horse would do?" said the woman.

"Oh, that would never do at all!" said Kate. "Jack is eight years old. He rides a bicycle, and can row a boat. He is much too big a boy for that."

"Well," said the old woman, "I will sit down, and go on with my knitting, and you can look around, and see if there be any thing you like."

So down she sat; and Kate looked about until she was almost dizzy. There were dolls, and balls, and drums, and bats; but Jack had all these. She was just beginning to think that she must go home, and ask her mamma to decide for her, when she spied a wooden box on the shelf. The top was on it, but it looked as if it might have something very nice indeed inside.



"What is in that box?" she asked.

"Why, that is the ver-y thing," said the old wo-man. "It is full of tin sol-diers. See, they stand up of them-selves! There are cap-tains, and cav-al-ry, and foot-sol-diers; and you ar-range them so as to make two ar-mies. Then, here are can-non that fire pease to knock them down with. Two can play at this game. Oh, yes! this will be just the thing for you."

Kate thought it would too. So she laid the pre-cious dol-lar on the coun-ter; and the wo-man tied up the box in white pa-per, and, with it un-der her arm, she set out for home.

Jack's birth-day was still a week a-way; and at least three times a day all that week, she went to the draw-er in which she had put it, and took the cov-er off, and won-dered if Jack would like it. At last the birth-day came, and she gave it to him. He was de-light-ed with it. "It is just the ver-y thing I want-ed. Will Smith has just had one giv-en him," said he; "and he was brag-ging a-bout it. Let's have a game, Kate, now, on the din-ing-room ta-ble. We will di-vide the men. You shall set yours up at one end, and I will take the oth-er." So they set a-bout it at once; and on the op-po-site page you may see Jack set-ting up his men just be-fore the bat-tle took place.

It was a fear-ful en-coun-ter, and the dried pease from the can-non flew a-bout like mad; but at last Jack's ar-m-y won the vic-to-ry.



THE PIC-NIC.

MAY was say-ing her spell-ing les-son to her gov-ern-ess, Miss Wood, one bright morn-ing in June. May al-ways knew her les-sons, so that she nev-er had to stay in and learn them.



"That is very well done," said Miss Wood. "You have not missed a word. Now I am rea-dy for the boys."

The boys were May's small broth-ers, Tom and Jack. They did not like stu-dy at all. Un-cle Bob had giv-en them a don-key, and they thought it much

bet-ter fun to ride on his back a-round the field than to learn to spell. In fact, they were al-most al-ways late; and Miss Wood had to go and hunt them up, and tell them that they must come in and spell.

"I will go and find them," she said. "I sup-pose they will not be far from their pre-cious don-key."

"You look pale," said May. "Does your head ache?"

"Yes," said Miss Wood; "and I shall be glad to go out in-to the fresh air for a lit-tle while."

So she set out to find the boys: not a trace of them was to be seen. She called, but there was no an-swer.

And why? The young rogues had made up their minds to play tru-ant. They were hid-den out of sight.

Pres-ent-ly Miss Wood sat down on the root of a tree, and put her hand to her head. It was ach-ing ver-y bad-ly. Jack looked o-ver the fence and saw her, then lit-tle Tom looked too.



"I think she must be ill," he whis-pered.

"If she is, we can have a hol-i-day with-out playing tru-ant," said wise Jack. "Come, let us go and ask her."

So they crept quite close to her.

"Does your head ache, Miss Wood?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said Miss Wood; "but I think it will soon be bet-ter. Run on to the school-room, boys, and get rea-dy. I will be there in a min-ute."

Jack and Tom ran on, but not to the school. They had an-oth-er plan. Up they tramped to mam-ma's room.

"Mam-ma, mam-ma!" they cried. "Miss Wood has a bad head-ache. Need we go to school? See, she is sit-ting un-der the tree."

Mam-ma looked out of the win-dow.

"Well," she said, "I think you need not have school to-day. I saw that she looked quite pale."



So Jack scam-pered off; but in a few min-utes he was back again.

"Don't you think, mam-ma," he said, "that we boys might go to the far-ther mea-dow, and have a pic-nic? We could take our lunch on the don-key."

"But there is no one to go with you," said mam-ma.

"May could go," said Jack. "She is ver-y care-ful."

"But per-haps May may not want to go."

"Oh, yes, she will!" said Jack. "We'll ask her."

So off they hur-ried down the gar-den path, where they saw her bend-ing o-ver some flow-ers.

"Why, boys!" she called out, "why are you not in school?"

"We are to have a hol-i-day," said Jack. "And, O May! will you not go with us to the mead-ow? We can go if you will; and we want to go so much!"

"Of course I will," said May. "We shall want some lunch-eon, though. I will go and ask cook to get it, while you catch the don-key."

The boys ran off as hard as they could go. But they had to get John the coach-man to help them, for the don-key had made up his mind not to be caught.



Then May came out with a big basket of lunch-eon; and they tied it on the don-key's back, and set out.

The boys were full of jol-li-ty at the thought of having no les-sons. Tom threw him-self down in the grass so of-ten, that ev-en the staid old don-key pricked up his ears in sur-prise at such con-duct. They had a prime time: but the pic-nic did not last as long as they ex-pect-ed; for they ate up all the lunch they brought at once, and by din-ner-time were glad to go home.

A WIN-TER SONG.

SING a song of the white, white snow,
Sing a song of the frost and cold :
What care we if the north wind blow,
Moan-ing and groan-ing, and bend-ing low
The boughs of the yew-tree old ?

Win-ter has joys that no sum-mer day
Can give with its sun-shine bright, —
Snow-ball-ing, slid-ing, or skat-ing a-way,
Whilst from fair-y cloud-land full many a fay
Sly pow-ders our coats with white.

Oh the hors-es and sleighs that go,
Whilst the sleigh-bells mer-ri-ly ring,
In the coun-tries where long the win-ter snow
Lies hard on the ground, and makes, as we know,
A pave-ment fit for a king !

And oh the sledge made by Tom and me,
To be drawn by a team of boys !
No bet-ter sledge in the world need be ;
And if we're up-set, oh ! what care we ?
'Tis but part of our win-ter joys.

J. G.

